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A ROAST FOR A SCOTS PARSON.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

ROAST

FOR A

SCOTS PARSON.

A NEW SONG,

To SOME TUNE.

WITH A

WORD *to the* READER.

——— *Ridentem dicere verum*
Quis vetat?

By the FOOL.

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MDCCXLIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A WORD TO THE READER.

SOME Apology perhaps will be thought neceſſary for treating a Gentleman of the Cloth in ſo rough and ungenteel a Manner, as the Reader will find One characteriz'd in the following Poem. Indeed, had he been chargeable only with the common Frailties of Humanity, from which no Man, whatever Conqueſt he may have made of his Paſſions, however perfect his Sanctity and Virtue may be, is exempt,

empt, he would never have had this publick Caſtigation from me. The Sacredneſs of his Function ſhould, as indeed it ought, have ſhelter'd him from the ſevere Laſhes of the Satire. For that Author, who hunts after Faults, and exaggerates every Peccadillo he can find in the Actions and Behaviour of a Clergyman, with a View to aſperſe his Character and render him odious to the Publick, is, in my Opinion, more criminal than a common Libeller; not only as the Offence is more injurious to a Perſon in his Capacity, than it can be to one in any other Station of Life; but as it is more influential in preventing the good Effects, which his pious Doctrines might otherwiſe produce in the Morals of the People committed to his Charge. I freely acknowledge, that, in ſpeaking of Gentlemen of the Sacred Order, a moſt reſpectful Tenderneſs to their Perſons ought to be uſed, and a little more Latitude allowed to their Words and Actions than is claimable by other Men. They act in a Sphere where they have the Superintendency of the Conduct and Behaviour of great Numbers of their Fellow Creatures, and ought to have free Liberty to exhort, reprove, and correct whomſoever they ſee acting inconſiſtent with their Chriſtian Profeſſion, not reſpecting the Rich and Honourable, any more than the Poor and Indigent; and if their Language and Behaviour do not directly ſquare with the vulgar Notions and Sentiments of the Generality of their Pariſhioners, I will never be the Man to accuſe them of Pride and Haughtineſs, unleſs I ſee them aſſume

ſuch

ſuch ſupercillious Airs, as derogate from the Character of a true Gentleman, and are inconſiſtent with the ſacred Profeſſion they have taken upon them.

But if a Miniſter of the Goſpel ſhould ſo far degrade the Dignity and Sacredneſs of his Function, as, by the whole Courſe and Tenour of his Actions and Conduct, to render himſelf the Object of Ridicule and Sarcaſm to a whole Community, I ſubmit to the Judgment of every Man of impartial Thinking, nay, to the Clergy themſelves, whether ſuch a Perſon, tho' he be one of their own Order, is not juſtly entitled to the Diſcipline of the Satire?

But it will be ſaid in Anſwer, If there be a Miniſter whoſe Immoralities are truly deſcribed in this Performance, why is he permitted to officiate? Why is he not return'd to his Ordinary as a Perſon whoſe monſtrous Impieties have wholly diſqualified him for any Office or Service in the Church? The Biſhop would puniſh him in a very exemplary Manner, and oblige him either immediately to reform his Life or reſign his Gown.

To this I anſwer, That there may be particular Reaſons, not proper to be divulged, for continuing him in his Place; and as he has for many Years, off and on, officiated in the Pariſh, and been pretty punctual in the Duties of his Place, the People are ſo kind as to wink at his more flagrant Exceſſes. Beſides, the Doctor, his Maſter, is a Gentleman of ſo much

much Learning and exemplary Piety, ſo excellent a Preacher, and his Life illuſtrated with ſo many Chriſtian and moral Virtues, that the bad Example of his Curate ſerves only as a Foil and Contraſte to that of the Reverend Doctor, and is ſo regarded by the People, who as much revere, love and reſpect the Latter, as they deſpiſe, banter, and laugh at the Former.

I hope I ſhall not incur the Diſpleaſure of the Clergy, by making ſo free with one of their Brethren; nor can they think that I aim a Stab at the whole Body thro' the Sides of one of their Members. No! far be ſuch a villainous Thought from my Heart! No Man living has a greater Veneration for that Sacred Order than I have, or thinks them a more uſeful Set of Men than I do. Yet I preſume they will allow, that there are ſome ſcabby Sheep crept into their Flock; and if the Shepherd can't immediately turn them out of the Fold, he ought at leaſt to ſet a Mark upon them, and uſe his Endeavours to keep them apart from the Sound, that ſo the Diſtempers of the Bad may not prove infectious to the Good. Nor can I ſuppoſe, that the Clergy in general will think themſelves in the leaſt affected by ſeeing the ſcandalous Immoralities of one of their Number thus publickly corrected and ſtigmatiz'd: No! that worthy Body would be pleaſed to have every Member, when it becomes rotten and offenſive, cut off and thrown away; as a Wen or unſightly Excreſcence

creſcence muſt be razor'd off or otherwiſe reduc'd, to prevent its diſfiguring the Beauty and Uniformity of the whole Syſtem. Indeed, that venerable and illuminated Body can ſuffer no Diminution of its native and genuine Luſtre by the Darkneſs of ſome of its inferior Patrs; any more than the Meridian Sun loſes its Brightneſs or invigorating Influence by the Floating of Atoms in its glowing Beams.

I am now to aſſure my Readers, that the Picture I here preſent him with, is truly natural and an exact Copy of the Original; the Features are not in the leaſt aggravated, nor the Colours laid on too thick, nor has the Pencil given any wanton Embelliſhment to heighten and invigorate the Reſemblance of Life. There is a Man in the World who has a Right to the Character here given; and ſhould he be ſo modeſt to refuſe it as his Due, there is not one of all his numerous Acquaintance, not a Man, Woman or Child of above ſix Years old in the Pariſh where he lives, but will be ſo juſt as to aſſure you, that the Cap exactly fits him, and that no Man has a better Title to wear it than himſelf.

However, if any of my Readers ſhould be ſo incredulous, or rather, ſo ſuperabundantly charitable as to think, that the Creature the Poet here exhibits, is the Production of his own prolifick In-

vention; that it is highly improbable, and next to impoſſible, that there ſhould be one of the Sacred Order, at leaſt within the Bills of Mortality, guilty of the Enormities here picturiz'd; or if there be ſuch a Man, that he ſhould be ſuffered to occupy a Place in the Church; I ſhall uſe no Arguments to convince ſuch of their Miſtake. It is ſufficient for my Purpoſe that I am perfectly underſtood by the whole Circle of his Friends and Acquaintance; who from hence may poſſibly take a Hint to give him a friendly Admonition to reform his Irregularities; leaſt his Enemies (for he knows he has ſome) ſhould take Occaſion to repreſent him to his Superiors in a Light not very favourable to his Intereſt.

A

ROAST

FOR A

SCOTS PARSON.

I Sing of a Parſon, and ARCHY by Name,
Well known where he lives for a Man of great Fame:
Indeed he is famous; but how and for what?
Have Patience, my Friend, and I'll tell you all that,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

From

From ſweet EDINBURGH he came forty Years
ſince,
In full Hopes of Preferment from Biſhop or Prince;
For in ENGLAND he heard were Livings golore,
And a fat one no doubt he ſhould quickly procure.
derry down, &c.

He applies to great Nobles, ſome Dukes, and
ſome Lords,
Who all of them feed him with ſugarly Words;
But as for a Living, a While he muſt wait,
'Till a Vacancy happen'd, — which never has yet.
Derry down, &c.

He curſes *Bob Walpole* by Bell, Book, and
Candle,
And hopes that his Bones the D——l does handle;
For had he but been as good as his Word,
Why, ARCHY had now been as great as a Lord.
derry down, &c.

But whether Sir *Robert* did rightly or not,
To baffle a Knave, and diſcourage a Sot;
Yet all muſt allow he was certainly wrong,
To looſen a factious and clamorous Tongue.
derry down, &c.

Ever ſince at the Court his Spite he has
aim'd,
All Courtiers are Rogues, and all Miniſters damn'd;
At their Perſons and Meaſures he conſtantly raves;
Our Rulers are Tyrants, and *Britons* are Slaves,
derry down, &c.

An

An Oath to King *GEORGE* he moſt ſolemnly took,
And reverently kiſs'd the Evangelical Book,
To bear true Allegiance to Him and his Heirs,
Which he ne'er intended to keep, as appears.
derry down, &c.

At Church you may hear him devoutly from Book
To pray for the King, and the Prince, and the Duke;
But follow him thence to his Office of Call,
The Tavern, you'll hear him a curſing them all,
derry down, &c.

The K— he abuſes for going abroad,
Thus adding a Weight to the National Load;
The P—, he affirms, is a ſnivelling Fool;
And the D— ought again to be ſent to a School,
derry down, &c.

King WILLIAM, whoſe Name on Record will remain
The Glory of ENGLAND and *Jacobites* Bane;
Who reſcu'd our Lives, Religion and Laws
From the Pope and the Jeſuits devouring Paws,
derry down, &c.

This Hero, who ſav'd us when juſt on the Brink
Of Ruin, and when we were ready to ſink;
In Love to our Nation a Gift he beſtow'd,
The Line of Great *Brunſwick*'s brave generous Blood,
derry down, &c.

This

This Hero, who ought with Reſpect to be nam'd,
Our ARCHY proteſts, is eternally damn'd,
For leaving ſo curſed a Legacy to us,
Which ſooner or later, he ſwears, will undo us,
derry down, &c.

No Cauſes, how ſpecious ſoever they be,
Says ARCHY, can us from Allegiance free;
Should a Tyrant or Papiſt claim Right to the Crown,
Free BRITONS his Title muſt paſſively own,
derry down, &c.

Young CHARLES is a Hero, ſays ARCHY indeed!
How bravely he fought; tho' he never did bleed;
His Knocks and his Thumps were ſo bold and ſo ſtout,
All *Britons* that fac'd him were put to the Rout,
derry down, &c.

Ah! why did Jilt Fortune betray him at laſt?
Ah! why was his Glory ſo ſoon overcaſt?
Why did the curs'd Fields of CULLODEN behold
Th' inglorious Retreat of a Hero ſo bold?
derry down, &c.

Such Principles ARCHY moſt fiercely maintains,
And calls him an Ideot without any Brains,
Who cannot diſcern he has Reaſon to grieve
So long as King GEORGE and Prince FREDERICK live,
derry down, &c.

'Tis

'Tis true, he is often in bodily Fears,
His Gown of't is like to come over his Ears;
But like a ſtaunch Bigot he never will alter,
No, not if ſtern Juſtice ſhould ſhew him a Halter,
derry down, &c.

A Chaplain he is to a moſt noble Peer,
Tho' he viſits his Patron not once in a Year;
This only Advantage he ſays it can do him,
No Bailiffs can nab him, nor Creditors ſue him,
derry down, &c.

That ARCHY's no Papiſt he tells all his Friends;
This I know there's a Saint he daily attends,
St. *John* of *Jer——m*, all the World knows,
From the Church to his Shrine he conſtantly goes,
derry down, &c.

What Sort of Devotion our Doctor there pays,
His Offerings what, in what Manner he prays;
By a Sample or two you will judge of the whole,
His Devotion how fervent, how pious his Soul,
derry down, &c.

The dull Afternoon, pray how does he ſpend?
In Reading, or learned Diſcourſe with a Friend?
Does he viſit the Sick, unleſs when he muſt?
Or lead his dear Flock in the Paths of the Juſt?
derry down, &c.

Does he feed and inſtruct them by Example and Rule?
What Concern does he ſhew for a wandering Soul?
What Pains does he take in his Heavenly Charge;
Or how his Great Maſter's high Kingdom enlarge?
derry down, &c.

When Dinner is over, which he eats with St. *John*,
His Reverence ſummons his Friends to *The One*;
Down they ſit o'er a Bottle, the Cards are lugg'd out,
Which ARCHY's deep Pockets are ſeldom without,
derry down, &c.

Now the Doctor is in his true Element,
His Spirits are rais'd, on the Game he's intent;
As often as Fortune declares on his Side,
His Muſcles extend with unuſual Pride.
derry down, &c.

But alas! there's no Pleaſure unmixed with Sorrow,
The Sweets of To-day may turn ſour To-morrow;
And the D——l, who owed the Doctor a Spite,
Made the Cards his Diſgrace, which had been his Delight.
derry down, &c.

Thus it was: As the Doctor with Cards in his Fiſt,
Juſt going to deal out the Game of the Whiſt,
The Clerk comes in Haſte, Doctor, leave off your Play,
The Funeral waits, come, quickly, away,
derry down, &c.

In

In a trice he whips up the Cards in his Gown,
And tells his Companions, he ſoon wou'd have done;
Then ſettles his Band, and compoſes his Face,
And haſtens away to the burying Place,
derry down, &c.

But while with a grave and a reverend Face,
He commends the Departed to Mercy and Grace,
The Cards that but looſely were thruſt in his Gown,
Uncall'd for, undealt, came tumbling down,
derry down, &c.

O diſmal Diſaſter! O fatal Eſcape!
What Friend can repair ſo ſad a Miſhap?
Poor ARCHY's dum-founded and hurries away;
The People all laugh —— 'twas as good as a Play,
derry down, &c.

Each Evening he meaſures by Bottle and Glaſs,
And St. *John* ſtill ſhews his broad fiery Face;
Sometimes on Religion ſome Nothing he ſays,
For only Sedition his Merit diſplays,
derry down, &c.

Five Nights in a Week, but oftner ſeven,
He bungs his dear Eyes, and gets drunk by Eleven;
Then homeward he ſteers, with his Guts full of Wine,
And tumbles to Bed, where he grunts like a Swine,
derry down, &c.

The Saturday Night before Sacrament Day,
How drunk he has been, it is horrid to ſay;
Yet ſtill it is worſe, if worſe it can be,
Him after *Receiving* ſtill drunker to ſee,
derry down, &c.

But how in his Lodgings does ARCHY behave?
Is he modeſt and humble, inſtructive and grave?
His Words and his Deeds, are they pious, or how?
I'll tell you, my Friend, ſince the Truth you would know,
derry down, &c.

The Maid in a Morning, who made up his Fire
Before he was up, as it was his Deſire,
She civilly ask'd him, pray what is't a Clock?
He turn'd down the Cloaths and ſhew'd her his C———,
derry down, &c.

Our Labour is vain if we ſtudy to pleaſe
His humourous Pride; for if ought is amiſs,
The Landlord's a Scoundrel, his Wife is a Bitch,
And Language much fouler we hear from the Wretch.
derry down, &c.

So proud and fantaſtical now is the Beaſt,
Since the reverend Doctor his Wages increas'd,
He kicks and he ſpurns both at Friends and at Foes
And no Man is worthy to buckle his Shoes.
derry down, &c.

So

So haughty his Carriage, ſo rough and ſo ſour,
With Diſdain and Contempt he treats all the Poor,
Tho' meekly and humbly they to him apply,
He gives them a ſtern magiſterial Reply.
derry down, &c.

So nice in his Palate our Doctor is grown,
That Mutton and Beef are too coarſe to go down;
Such groſs Sort of Diet's fit only for Laymen,
For dirty Mechanicks, or Porters, or Draymen,
derry down, &c.

Some dainty Tid-bit, or a Fowl, or a Fiſh,
With elegant Sauces toſs'd up in a Diſh;
A Glaſs of good Wine muſt be ready at Hand,
And a Waiter juſt by him to obſerve his Command,
derry down, &c.

His Plate is ſoon heap'd with the beſt of the Fare;
Not all for himſelf, no, for *Dony* muſt ſhare;
For *Dony* he picks out the Choice of the Meat,
For *Dony*, as well as his Maſter, muſt eat,
derry down, &c.

But prithee, dear Doctor, how long is it paſt,
Since you jump'd at a Cruſt to break your ſad Faſt?
How long is it ſince you ſat in the Porch,
To beg for a Jobb of a Groat in the Church?
derry down, &c.

How

How long is it ſince, to the Pariſh is known,
You was glad to accept of a caſt-away Gown;
But ſince your good Patron indulged your Pride,
There is nothing too good, or too rich for your Hide,

derry down, &c.

What generous Sentiments glow in your Soul,
What grateful Returns, or in Part or in Whole,
For Favours received, that ever you made,
A Secret remains, which no Soul e'er betray'd,

derry down, &c.

The Man who your diſmal Diſtreſſes reliev'd,
From whom you a Thouſand kind Favours receiv'd;
Who cloathed and fed you when wretched, forlorn,
And ſav'd you from being the Object of Scorn,

derry down, &c.

This rare Friend have you moſt enormouſly us'd,
His Character ſlurr'd and his Friendſhip abus'd;
With Malice and Rancour beyond all Compare,
To moleſt and diſturb him have made it your Care,

derry down, &c.

Your Temper's nor Chriſtian, nor Turkiſh, nor Pagan,
But breathed into you by the old Dragon;
A Temper ſo ſpiteful no Kindneſs can bend,
If once you're a Foe, you are never a Friend,

derry down, &c.

Now farewel, Friend ARCHY —— But think
not I've done;
My Budget's not empty, and I ſhall go on;
Repent then, and ſhew us a ſpeedy Reform.
Or expect from my Pen a more thundering Storm.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

F I N I S.